

Bertie Bott's Every Flavoured Beans

by Riva R. Roderica

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Summary: How Bertie Bott came to make her beans... nowhere near done, just some background. Pretty long.

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>Berthilda Heighmanhoffer the first hurried down the ancient, musty corridor of the magic school Candelabara,
 "where our motto is your motto, so have some breadsticks." As a "measly" first year, she was required to do

> older student's errands for them, and dragons help her if she didn't heed an older person's often impossible
 commands.

>
Which was, unfortunatley, the reason why she was hurrying.

Ignoring the flickers of the dripping candles, she

> broke out into a sprint at the next furious holler of her name.

Panting, she reached the doorhold where a pretty
 4th year was shaking her black ringlets in fury.

>
The girl, whom Berthilda knew as Mistletoe, glared at the wheezing Berthilda. "Today is the dance, girl and I NEED

>MY DRESS FIXED." She raised her voice significantly with the last words. "And as you know muggle sewing,"
 she sniffed her disgust, "I elect you." With that, Mistletoe shoved a red dress at Berthilda and proceeded to give

>lengthy descriptions at what had to be done. Bertie forced her eyes to stay open when Mistletoe said "this hem
 here is just a trifle long, but don't hem it too short. And if it's uneven I'll have your neck..."

>
At that moment, Mistletoe's twin, Holly came to the doorway. She looked remarkably like her sister, but her eyes

> held an amused twinkle and her nose a dusting of freckles. Bertie strongly suspected that Mistletoe also held
this "flaw", which Holly never made any attempt to cover up. Holly and Bertie looked at each other. Suddenly,

> Bertie felt the need to surpress a giggle. However, she turned away before a guffaw escaped her lips.

>Mistletoe had turned to her sister and said "Didn't you tear your dress as well? Oh here it is. Go on Berthilda,
 go fix them. Bring them back in an hour!"

>
Bertie suddenly found herself ladden with another richly hued garment, and pushed down the hall. When she

> arrived at her dormitory, three more stories up, she collapsed onto her iron post bed and lay there for a minute,
 staring at the rough stone walls.

>
Surpressing the desire to cry out in hopelessness, she laid out Holly's dress. It was a beautiful deep emerald colour

> with a wide neckline. The only decorations were a row of embroidered holly berries around the hem and
 one cluster to the left and scarcely below the neckline. Frowning in concentration, she turned the dress over,

> for there wasn't anything wrong with the front. Square in the back was an awful burn mark. She would never
 be able to fix that!

Unless... no, that would upset the fluidity of the dress. Well, she couldn't very well cut

> the dress up! Or could she... Suddenly the scissors in her hand were rejoicing at the sound of such beautiful
 fabric. 35 minutes later, she was done.

>
Then Bertie took out Mistletoe's dress. The embroidery had snagged all the way down the front. Well, if she

> wanted that fixed as well as the hem, there would have to be an alteration. Suddenly Bertie's eyes gleamed,
 but not with tears.

After fixing the hem, her scissors set to work once more. Snip, snip. They cut all of the

> embroidery out! When she was finished, Bertie had to admit it looked even better than before. And just in
 time too... She

hurried of, down the three flights of seemingly endless stairs.

>
Holly was waiting at the door, but Mistletoe jumped in front of her tone. "About time" she snarled.

>Sweeping up her dress, she gave a startled gasp, then an infuriated yell. "What have you done?" she demanded
 "that embroidery made that dress worth so much. There was so much of it... and in such nice patterns!

>How dare you! I shall let Dorset know of this!"

>Holly broke into her sister's tirade. "I don't know why you're so mad." she said calmly. "After all, they were rather
 garish patterns. You said so your self. Now Bertie, may I have my dress please?"

>
Bertie handed over the dress, and Holly exclaimed over it rapturiously. Berthilda left quickly after that, nervously

> walking away from Mistletoe's angry eyes. Uneasily Bertie forced her toes not to break into a run. She knew
 that she had not heard the last from Mistletoe.

>
As Berthilda had "wasted" her free time helping prepare another girl for the Halloween dance, she had no time

> of her own to prepare for the storm she was sure would follow. Yet as she clambered down the stairs in her
 polished, bronze buckled shoes along with all of the other female first years, nothing happened. And

>throughout the Halloween feast, nothing happened. That didn't stop Berthilda from being jumpy, though.

>"What ever is thy matter with thee?" a friend of her's asked.

>Bertie managed to smile and replied "Thy doest thy and thee oneself to near death" she complained good
naturadly "It is possible for you to talk normally, especially as not one child but you... thee..."

Bertie teased

> "can talk that way without much effort. "

>Elizabeth accepted the reprimand and said "Well?"

>So of course Bertie found herself recounting the tale to her magic-born friend. "And now I just know Dorset
will be upon me like a ravaging dementor" she wailed in a dramatic, but keenly felt, finale.

>
Sure enough, Bertie had a price to pay. Yet she didn't hear of it at all that night, when the girls all settled in

> Mary's, Tirana's and Chastity's room, ignoring the cold stone floors for once. The deflated mood of each girl
 was reflected in each tiny face.

>
"Why don't we get to go to the dance?" moaned Moravia. For the reason behind such glum expressions was the

> restriction of first years from the annual Halloween dance.

>Sara added her aggrement by argueing with some invisible force "How are we ever supposed to know what to
 do at a dance if we don't get to go to one?" she complained

>
"Stupid tradition," mumbled Bertie to the dismay of her sweet tempered chum Elizabeth.

>
Just as the first girls were leaving for their own chilly cells, Bertie warned the group "Oh, and don't confess any

> wrong doings of yours to Dorset, regardless of how much she berates you. It is my fault this time. So let me
 risk her guilloten. I'm sure if she had one, my head would be gone for sure." The girls begged her to tell what

> was wrong, but seeing the gleeful expressions on Hannah's, Maeron's and Agatha's faces, she said "Not now."
 There wasn't a reason for her to furthur entrap herself in the spiteful girls' bad side.

>
The next morning, Bertie awoke with a hard tug on her bed covers. "Get up you lazy thing" Dorset screeched

> "I've heard of your coniving ways before, but that won't work on me.

>Keep thy mouth shut, girl. We're to have it out in my quarters. Come on!" She pushed Berthilda out of bed.

>Berthilda was fully awake by the time she hit the floor. She struggled out of the swamp of bed clothes that
 were bogging her down. Then she followed the stern woman to her quarters. Bertie's feet were uncovered,

> as the slabs more than a refreshing cold. Yet Bertie endured this. To her surprise, she was not privately
 seething over this or any other injustice. Rather, she seemed to hold a semi-detached view on the events that

> unfolded before her. Even the first year boy who's path they crossed did not provoke any embarrassment
 on Berthilda's part, although the boy turned a lovely shade of pink and fastened on a giggly looking expression.

>
Dorset rounded a corner and abruptly turned into the nearest room. Berthilda followed. Dorset shut the door

> and then exploded in rage. "I have enough to do looking over 70 girls" she lectured "I don't need you making
 trouble for me! Why, of all the things I've done for you..."

>
Bertie could not think of anything of any help that Dorset had done for her, but kept quiet.

>
"I would at least expect some gratitude!" Dorset screamed the last word. "Now, as for you ruining Mistletoe's

> expensive dress, that is an outrage! Think that you have the right to ruin people's things just because you're jealous?"

>Berthilde thought that Mistletoe was rather ridiculous, and wouldn't have been her for all of the gold in the world,
 but again she kept her mouth shut.

>
Dorset took a deep breath and resumed "Well now, miss high and mighty, I'll be teaching you to ruin other people's

> things. When I think of the tragic loss of poor Mistletoe, I'm heartbroken. You good for nothing disgrace to all who
 know you!" Dorset was rather blue in the face at this point, but she had enough breath left to yell "You will set

>the fire early every morning this month. We all know how you love your beauty sleep!"

>Bertie stared at her, even though she had just been told to wake up at 4:00 in the morning everyday for a month.
 "You will be Mistletoe's personal servant for the week - no, make that the month.And if I hear anything from her,

> you'll be sent to wash the lavatories. BY HAND! Now go!"

>The stunned Berthilda raced out of the door, through the passageway and to her dormitory, where she collapsed
 and thought over her punishment. Getting up at 4:00 every day! But even that could be considered a reward

> compared to her other punishment of being Mistletoe's personal servant! How could she live through the month?
 Bertie groaned.

>
Although Berthilda knew that it wouldn't be long until she was made Mistletoe's dutiful slave,she had hoped

> she would have at least one meal before Dorset divulged the news. Yet there was no such luck. As Bertie
 slipped through the doorway to the first year table, she saw Dorset whispering to Mistletoe, who was no doubt

> schemeing. Her breakfast was occupied by the curiosity of her fellow first years, who were fascinated and
 horrified by her punishment. Several students who she was only loosely acquainted with were dumfounded

> by her tale. The attention was welcomed, but Bertie wished it were for another reason.

>On her way to her first class, Mistletoe managed to find Bertie. Piling book after book in Bertie's arms, she ordered
 Bertie to follow her to her divination class. By the time Bertie had staggered to the 5th story classroom, there

> were only a few minutes for her to reach her own class.

>Running as fast as she could, she dashed to the other side of the building, down 5 flights of stairs and out
 to the greenhouse. She pushed the light wooden door open and whirled into the classroom. Professor Willitic,

> a small man with a black mustach and a twitch on his left cheek, was busy instructing the class.
 With everyone's eyes on her, the 5 minute late student walked to an empty seat on the long wooden bench.

>
"As I was saying" the Professor lectured "This joint effort between potions, charms and herbology class is the

> first of several such links throughout the year. Now, please copy the following notes down:" He gestured
 to a blackboard nearly hidden by ivy. In curley writing, the blackboard read:

>
Keeltern Seaweed

>
Location: Atlantic Ocean

>
Occurence: Common

>
Appearance: green color of overcooked broccoli, wavy, about 1-3

feet in length.

>
Seeds: Clusters of pods that grow off of the main stem.

Individual pods are skiny with the seed at one end.

> Healing properties: Has the ability to reduce the pain and pus of wounds. Seeds are good at helping the progress
 of healing eye ailments.

>
Food properties: Highly usable. Can be boiled to make a sticky substance or wrapped around bread and the like.

> Has a very high nutrient content, but strong taste that can only be neutralized by drying and grinding with sandstone
 or a neutralizing charm.

>
Precautions: Wash out with fresh water before use. High salt retainance can do harm on open wounds.

>
Posinuous: Only to the tern birds, and then only the pods are toxic.

>

>Bertie copied down these notes, temporarily forgetting Mistletoe. This was the first sea plant that the first years
 were studying about, and the only one that was dangerous in the slightest.

>
The class then went to Greenhouse two for the first time.

Inside, a large pond of salt water was churning. The

> pond was extremely large and continued on past the wall to the outside. Many different organisms were thriving
 in the pond.

>
The professor continued in his annoying, squeaky voice "Now, if you'll just look over here...These

> Keelturns are of the finest quality. Please make note of them, the way they move in the waves, their surroundings."
The class settled into benches around the artifical environment and began to take notes. When only 1 minute was

>left of the class, the teacher adjourned the class with "For homework plase give me a diagram of one stem of this
 plant, all of it's parts properly labeled. Consult pages 78-83 in Leaves and Stems of the Ecosystems for more

>information on labeling. Tomarrow we will be dissecting one of these pods. Class is adjourned."

> _____

>Somehow Bertie managed to get through the rest of the day, late for nearly all of her classes because of Mistletoe.

>Despite all of the tension mounting up inside of her because of her unjust punishment, Bertie still managed to grin when
they

desalterized the seaweed in potions class. It felt slimy and clung to her hands, and she couldn't help jumping

>when she felt something cold on her arm, although she turned around only to find Lark grinning at her, a particularly
gruesome looking piece of seaweed in his hand. They then boiled the sea plants and applied them to their own

>various cuts and scars. Lark recieved a demerit for twisitng the unusually textured substance into various shapes.

>

End
file.